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No. 331.

The Old Wayside Inn

(DRAMA.)

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DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND THE WHOLE OF THE
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The Old Wayside Inn.

A DRAMA,

IN FIVE ACTS,

— BY —

J. E. Crary,

Author of "Jacob Schloff's Mistake," "Alma, or United at Last," etc.

34
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— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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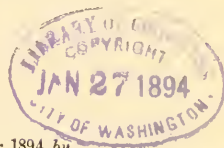
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— CLYDE, OHIO: —

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

JACK BECKWITH.....	Landlord of the Inn.
BART JUAN.....	Capt. of Robbers.
BRUCE STILLWELL.....	An earl.
PAT O'FLAGHERTY,	} Detectives.
FRITZ DUNDERHOFEN.....	
WASHINGTON JONES.....	Servant.
OLE BLACKHART,	} Robbers.
DICK BLACKHART,	
RED BLACKHART,	

GROOM AND FOOTMAN.

GYPSY BECKWITH.....	Lost heiress.
LILL BECKWITH.....	Wife of Jack Beckwith.
LADY STILLWELL.....	Bruce's mother.
LADY ARLEY.....	Mother of Gypsy.
GERTRUDE ROSELI.....	Niece of Lady Stillwell.
MISS MOOR.....	Gypsy's companion.
LADY STILLWELL, }	Can double.
LADY ARLEY,	
GERTRUDE ROSELI, }	Can double.
MISS MOOR,	

COSTUMES.—Modern.

JACK BECKWITH—Full black beard.
 BART JUAN—Heavy black mustache.
 BRUCE STILLWELL—Brown mustache.
 OLE B. }
 RED B. } Heavy black beard.
 DICK B. }
 PAT—Short red beard.
 FRITZ—GREY throat whisker.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

ACT I.—The Wayside Inn. Storm on the Moor. Arrival of Lady Arley and infant daughter, Lill Beckwith warns her. "It is death to remain longer." Arrival of Jack Beckwith. Murder of Lady Arley. Lill saves the child.

ACT II.—A lapse of fifteen years. Lill and Gypsy. The dying woman. "I am not your mother." The secret revealed. Jack arrives. A death bed. Jack's despair. Gypsy discovers her mother's papers, which reveals her mother's history. Bart Juan and Jack meet. "I know your secret." "My silence is, the hand of Gypsy." Bruce Stillwell. Lost on the Moor. Seeks shelter, and is warned by Gypsy. His escape. Jack's oath at his wife's grave. Murder of Jack and abduction of Gypsy, by Bart Juan and his men. Bruce discovers Jack in time to learn of the abduction. Death of Jack.

ACT III.—The Irish and Dutch Detectives. "Ish dot so?" Home of Lady Stillwell. The compact between Bruce and his mother. "I love Gypsy Beckwith." Pat and Fritz. Cry of the Robbers. Washington dances at the point of a revolver. Gypsy's escape. Oath of vengeance.

ACT IV.—Bruce discovers Gypsy as an Actress. I shall never marry my cousin Gerry. Bart Juan and Bruce. The duel, in which Gerry meets her death.

ACT V.—Lady Stillwell's attempt to discover the heiress. Bruce and Gypsy. The proposal. Happy ending.

TIME OF PLAYING—2 HOURS.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Center; S. E. (2d E.), Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Center; L. C., Left of Center.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

.. The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

The Old Wayside Inn:

ACT I.

SCENES.—A dimly lit bar-room in Beckwith's Inn. Bar in left corner at back of stage, bottles, signs, etc. Table L. C., stove, chairs, R., at back. LILL BECKWITH discovered sitting back of bar. Lightning and thunder as curtain rises. As a loud clap of thunder and flash of lightning is heard, LILL speaks.

Lill. If it only would strike me. If it only would end this miserable life of mine, how thankful I would be. (*covers face with hand—loud knocking at door, L.*) Another victim. (*rises*) Oh! heaven, how many more? Is another life to end suddenly—awfully? Not if I can help it. (*goes to door, which is blown open by wind*

Enter, LADY ARLEY, L. E.

Shut the door quick. (*shuts door as they move to C.*

Lady A. My good woman, how frightened you look; but you see I am quite harmless, we have been overtaken by the storm and come to ask for shelter.

Lill. Not here, go on your way—your carriage is safer than this house. Listen to the wind, every minute I am expecting the bricks and tiles to fall about my ears.

Lady A. Nonsense! (*goes behind counter, takes chair vacated by LILL*) The house is strong enough. If you have no bed for visitors, we can rest beside the fire for the night.

Lill. Do not. (*coming close to her*) Go, I implore you. This is no place for a lady like you.

Lady A. It is far better than being out in this storm, with nothing between me, and it but a frail carriage. (*shows baby, which she has kept under cloak*) And there's the little one, if you could be hard hearted to me, I am sure you could not be to my baby. Perhaps you have some little one's of your own?

Lill. No, I never had a baby. May I—may I hold it for a moment.

Lady A. Of course you may, see she is waking up now.

(*starts to take it, then draws back*

Lill. Loose not a moment, but go! Our beds are damp, the rain

comes through the roof; we have nothing to give you that you could eat. You had better go.

Lady A. Who lives here with you?

Lill. My husband.

Lady A. He will be more hospitable than you, I am sure. The cottage does not look so very damp, anyway. I am not half as frightened in it as I was in the carriage. You cannot refuse to let me stay.

(voices heard outside, L.—knock at door)

Lill. *(coming close, speaks quick)* I say you must go, say you came to get some milk for the child; say there is some one coming after you, who will know you have stayed here. As you value your life, don't linger.

(repeated knocks)

Lady A. In heaven's name, madam, what do you mean?

(knocks repeated)

Lill. Keep this secret, because I am his wife, and through all, he is dear to me in a way, though I shudder at his crimes. It would mean death for you to stay.

Lady A. Death?

Lill. Yes, death. I must open the door now, but go—go at once and keep your jeweled hands under your cloak. Don't look frightened, or he will suspect me and then perhaps—

(blows on door—LILL opens door)

Enter, JACK BECKWITH, L. E., closes door as he speaks—coat wet.

Jack. What the devil do you mean by keeping me waiting outside on such a night as this? Most wives wait for their husbands. But ah! I see you have company. Beg your pardon, Madam.

Lady A. Oh! it was my fault, I was selfishly keeping your wife doing something for me. But now I must hurry away, and thank you for your hospitality.

Jack. You'll not stay then?

Lady A. *(raises hand to her head for a moment)* No, thank you.

Jack. Then all we can do is to wish you a pleasant journey. It's a night upon which I wouldn't turn my dog out, but if you will go, you will. *(moves toward door, followed close by LILL, starts to open it)* You'd better change your mind, it's a terrible night.

Lady A. *(coming nearer)* No, it is no question of choice, I must go on.

He starts to open door, then as if changing his mind, he turns and draws knife, stabs her in back, she falls backwards dead—he turns to his wife, catching her by the wrists.

Jack. You have warned her, you she devil you. See what you made me do. I might have only robbed her, had you let her stay. Now, she is dead.

Lill. No! no! not dead, Jack, not dead.

She kneels by the body, JACK grabs her by the arm and throws her to other end of bar.

Jack. Yes, dead. *(throws back cloak and sees child, staggers back)* A child! a child! and I must kill that too, or the murder may be traced to me, but it will be hard to do.

Lill. Jack, you shall not do it. *(takes hold his arm)* Is one

murder on your soul, not enough for one night? Let me have the child.

Jack. You? What could you do with it? No! no! I must kill it. It won't take a big blow to do it. Why did she flaunt her jewels before me to tempt me? I'd have let her go, had I not seen them. Leave go of me, I must kill it.

Lill. You shall not, or you shall kill me first. Do I ever speak to anyone about here? Does anyone ever see me? Can anyone swear that I have not a little baby of my own? Give it to me Jack, I will have it.

Jack. Have it, then, dam it. It's horrible to see it there—perhaps I'll let you keep it, and perhaps I won't. (*LILL takes child*)

Lill. Are you quite sure she is dead?

Jack. Quite sure. Open the door of your room, I'm going to take her in there.

Lill. In there? No, no, Jack, not in there!

Jack. Yes, in there! open the door woman, or I'll kill the child.

(*LILL opens door, L., JACK carries body in*)

Re-enter, JACK, L. E.

Take the child in there and shut the door, I must see to those men.

Lill. Jack, Jack, you are not going to do more murder to-night?

Jack. Hush! Do you suppose I am going to put the hang-man's rope about my neck? That would be murder. Go into that room and ask no questions. (*exit, LILL, L. E.*)

Jack. (*opens door—in a loud voice to men*) Your good lady is going to stay all night; come into the bar and I'll take the horses around to the stable. (*exit, R. E.*)

Footman. (*outside*) There'll be more comfort in the bar, can you manage the horses, mate?

Jack. (*outside*) I rather think so. Go in, I'll be with you in a moment.

Enter, GROOM and FOOTMAN, R. E.—business of taking off coats and getting warm.

Re-enter, JACK R. E.

Now for something hot, sweet and strong. (*laughs*) You must spend the night by the fire. I hope you will be able to keep yourselves comfortable.

Groom. Comfortable enough, mate; as soon as you've mixed us some of that good spirit of yours. By jove! it's a pleasant change from what it was outside. (*JACK drugs wine*)

Jack. It will be pleasant soon; you'll drink and then sit by the fire and doze, then by and by you'll fall into a quiet sleep. Ha! ha! Now mates, your very good health. (*they drink at bar and then sit at stove*) Now, for some good cold beef. You must excuse my wife, not coming to look after you, for your lady must be attended to.

Footman. Oh! we'll not grumble if you look after us well. Ladies as ornaments is all very well, but give me a man for usefulness. (*exit, JACK, L. E., two men go to sleep, then fall on floor.*)

THE OLD WAYSIDE INN.

Re-enter, JACK, L. E.

Jack. Ah! that drug has done it's work well. Now to finish it. *(goes to door and looks out)* What a night to be out. *(goes L., calls)* Lill, come out here!

Enter, LILL, L. E., drops into a chair and covers face.

Ha! ha! after all these years a cowardly sniveling booby still, Lill. Bah! you ought to know better than to feel fear, and really what have I done? All lives are more full of sadness than joy, and I have made it impossible for trouble to affect these people longer. I am a public benefactor. They are a great deal better off than they were an hour ago. Get up girl and tell me if you would like any of this woman's clothes? *(standing in door while he speaks, she shakes her head)* That's well, it's safest so, but I will trouble the lady for her rings and valuables. *(exit, into room, returns with body of LADY ARLEY in his arms, he lays her on floor)* Come Lill, rouse up! *(shakes her)* I'm going out, if anybody comes, I have not been in to-night, no carriage has been here.

Pushes LILL into room, L., closes door and carries the dead bodies out, R. E.

Enter, LILL, L. E., seats herself by stove.

Lill. Oh! heavens, will this ever end. Jack! Jack! why do I love him. He leads me a life of misery, a life of hell, but I love him in spite of all. Oh! Jack, Jack, once we were happy, Oh! why, was I doomed thus to suffer. Oh! God in heaven, have pity on me. Will it never end?

Enter, JACK, R. E.

Jack. Will what end? Never fear, I have thrown off all possibility of tracing this night's work to me. I placed the two men on the box and the lady inside, and started the horses on the run; where they will go I do not know, nor do I care, only that they get far away from here. *(he pulls off his boots, rubber coat and sits by the fire)* Has any one been here?

(he sits on the opposite side of the stove from LILL)

Lill. No! is it likely anyone would come upon such a night?

Jack. Then remember, I came home at six and have not been out since. Where is the child?

Lill. Asleep in my room.

Jack. All right, she is yours. Now come here my beauty! I wish to talk with you. *(she does not move)* Come here Lill.

Lill. No, no! I—I can't have you touch me; it's too—too terrible! That poor trusting lady, how could you? Oh! how could you?

Jack. Come here, or by heaven's, the child shall follow the mother! *(she comes slowly and kneels at his side, he throws his arm around her—she shudders)* My beauty! my beautiful wife! Kiss me Lill.

Lill. Spare me that! don't—don't make me kiss you now!

Jack. *(forces her face up to his, he kisses her)* By my soul, you're a fine wife, but you can't split on me, Lill, the law does not allow a wife to split on her husband. And you would not if you could,

would you, my girl? You have a little love for me still?

Lill. Heaven knows I do love you with all my heart! But steeped in blood and crime, how can I love you?

Jack. But you do—you do. See here Lill, when you cease to love me, that child shall follow the mother. You understand me? And you love me?

Lill. Yes! yes!

(*head drops on his knee*)

CURTAIN.

NOTE.—The storm should be kept up pretty much all through this Act, but not enough to drown the voice of the speakers.

END OF ACT I.

A lapse of fifteen years between Act 1st and Act 2nd.

ACT II.

SCENE.—LILL BECKWITH'S room. LILL in bed, GYP sits by the bed, which is on L., door, R.

Lill. What is the time, Gypsy?

Gyp. Ten o'clock, mother.

Lill. Ten o'clock! I wish your father would come.

Gyp. Are you feeling worse, mother?

Lill. I know that I am dying, and if it was not for you Gypsy, I should be glad.

Gyp. Oh! no, no, mother!

Lill. Ah! but it's yes, Gypsy.

(*she raises up a little*)

Gyp. Darling mother, you cannot die and leave me alone. What shall I do without you in this terrible place? I would rather die with you than live.

Lill. You don't love your father, do you Gypsy?

Gyp. Oh! mother, how can I love him when I know—

Lill. And yet I have known. And yes, though I shuddered and sickened at the thought of his terrible deeds, still I have loved him for twenty years, and he has loved me. But you are different, you are not his wife—his poor wife whom his sins have killed; you are not—you are not even his daughter!

Gyp. Mother!

Lill. It is true, you are neither his daughter nor mine.

Gyp. Oh! mother, mother, not yours? Oh! please, dearest—don't say that—please, do not say I am not your child.

(*GYP kneels at bedside and weeps*)

Lill. Hush! Listen, I had meant to ask your father, if I might tell you; but now I see that it is right that I should, whether he sanctions it or not. Only promise, by the love you bear me, that to gain your rights, you will do nothing to harm him.

Gyp. Mother, I promise.

Lill. Then listen, darling, fifteen years ago your mother came here with you one stormy night; she was richly clad, and with lovely jewels on her hands. She never left the house alive; but she was

THE OLD WAYSIDE INN.

found murdered, in her carriage, five miles from here, the coachman and footman on the box-seat, both dead. The murder of Lady Arley is well known in these parts; you have no doubt heard of it, and of the missing child. Lady Arley was your mother—you are the child that was missing.

Gyp. Mother!

Lill. I begged your father—no, my husband, to let me keep you, and he did. He was never suspected of the crime, and no one knew but that you were my child. Your mother left you a great heiress.

Gyp. But mother darling, how could I claim my rights—who would believe me?

Lill. No one, had you no proofs, but I have them for you safe; no one knows I have them, not even Jack. Your mother in her agitation, dropped a little bag on the night that she was murdered, and finding that it contained papers of importance to you, I hid it under the stone of the—water! (*GYP gives brandy from bottle*) Under the stone—

Gyp. Yes, mother, yes.

Lill. Under the st—

Gyp. Never mind, mother. What does it matter, I do not want the papers.

Lill. But you must, you must. Under the—Gypsy, Gypsy,
I—I— (*knock at door, GYP opens door, R.*)

Enter, JACK, R. E.

Jack. How's your mother?

Gyp. She has fainted! I—I think she is dying.

Jack. (*throwing himself on knees, by her*) My beauty, my lovely wife, my darling; speak to me, Lill—Lill, you're not going without one word. Lill, for heaven's sake, speak to me. (*kisses her hand*) Brandy, Gyp, she is sinking for the want of it. Could you not look after her better than this? There my beauty, my darling wife. Are you better? (*raises her head—she dies*) Oh! my God, Lill! speak, speak—gone—Lill! Dead—dead.

(*JACK holds LILL in his arms, GYP kneels at foot of bed*)

CHANGE TO SCENE I, ACT II.

SCENE II.—*Same as Act 1st., GYP discovered sitting by stove—knock heard at door, L., GYP opens.*

Enter, BART JUAN, L. E.

Bart. Miss Beckwith, I believe?

Gyp. Yes sir! what can I do for you?

Bart. Yes sir! (*mocking*) I'd just as lief you'd not sir me, Miss I want ter see your father, girl—where is he?

Gyp. Father is sleeping. I will call him. (*exit, L. E.*)

Bart. Well, by hokey, she's a stunner, jes as pretty as an apple

blossom. By gad, Bart Juan, you'r a lucky dog; she's an heiress, and if you play your cards well, you've got a prize. Ha! ha! I've got it, I know Jack Beckwith's secret, and he shall give me that girl for a wife, or he will swing. Or if he don't consent, I'll tap his juglar and carry her off to the roost. Once there she shall be mine. Luck has been agin me lately, but I think my star shines once more. Ah! here comes Jack.

Enter, JACK, L. E.

Jack. What do you want?

Bart. Ha! ha! ha! Jack Beckwith, yer don't find a victim in me and you'd better look a bit pleasanter too. Don't yer know me? Did yer ever hear of Bart Juan?

Jack. My God! Black Bart, I thought you were dead.

Bart. No, Jack Beckwith, I didn't die. yer see me don't ye? I've come to settle old scores, but I'll let you off easy.

Jack. What will you take for your silence, Bart Juan?

Bart. Well Jack, there's no use bein' hot about it. Let's drink, I'll take cherry. (*JACK pours drinks, they drink*) Now jest come and sit down by this table here and let's have a talk. (*BART seated R., JACK L.*) I'm one of them kind as don't like beaten bush, so I'll jes tell yer what's what. Yer ask me what I'll take fer my silence I'll tell yer, yer darter Gyp's hand in marriage.

Jack. Man! (*rises*) villain! never! she is not my daughter and you know it. She is of aristocratic stock, and too good and pure to mate with a murdering cut-throat like Bart Juan.

Bart. Gol darned complimentary, ain't yer Jack? Say, whose the worst, you or I?

Jack. She is not my daughter.

Bart. So much the better, so what do you care. If yer don't do as I said, I'll squeal. Think it over old man, and I'll call again. I'll have her any way, consent or no consent, an' swing you in the bargain, darn my pelt if I don't. So beware, I'll come to-morrow fer my answer, so be smart. Farewell. (*exit, R. E.*)

Jack. Well, what's the difference, she ain't mine, let him have her, if he can get her. It's getting dark, I'll go and do the chores. (*takes drink from bottle and exit, R. E.*)

Enter, GYPSY, L. E., lights lamp and pulls down b'ind.

Gyp. I don't want to lure any travelers here, he would do as he has so often done in the past, and then heaven help them. (*sits by stove*) It is horrible! horrible! I seem surrounded by those, whom that dreadful man, I call father, has murdered—I seem to see the ghost of my poor murdered mother, and yet I dare not go. Here I can watch and prevent more harm, and yet it is a hard life. Perhaps if I could find the papers, I would go. Where can the papers be? Her eyes looked towards this door, what stone could she have meant? Ah! could she have meant the hearth stone? I will see anyway.

Takes poker, pries up stone and finds bag, and replaces stone, rises as she hears steps and secrets them in her bosom.

Enter, JACK, R. E.

Jack. I had a strange fancy, Gyp. I thought I should see your

mother sitting there, but she's dead, ain't she. Kiss me girl, kiss me. Ain't you happy here, Gyp?

(kisses her by forcing her face up to his)

Gyp. You look as though you needed rest, you are cold—I'll have something for you to eat in a moment or two.

Jack. Hark! what's that, some one coming!

Gyp. Not here?

Jack. Yes, here! Where else should a traveler stop for rest, if not here? Why isn't the blind pulled up? Do it at once, or he'll not see the light.

Gyp. I'll not do it. *(knock at door, JACK goes to door, GYP lays hand on his arm)* Who ever he is, I will have no harm come to him, remember that. I am not your wife and the law would allow me to speak against you.

Jack. I don't know what you mean, you are not my wife, of course, but you are my daughter.

Gyp. No, I am not even your daughter. We will talk of that some other time; but give me your word—swear by your wife's grave, that this stranger, who ever he or she may be, shall leave this house unharmed.

Jack. I'll do no such a thing. *(pushes her away)* Keep your tongue between your teeth, or, daughter as I have called you these many years, although you deny the relationship now, it will be the worst for you. *(throws door open)*

Enter, BRUCE STILLWELL, R. E.

Bruce. You give but a sorry welcome and a tardy one. No lights gleam in your windows, to light the traveler, and one has to knock loud enough to wake the dead. Can you put me and my horse up for the night?

Gyp. We are sorry, sir! but we have accommodations for neither horse or man.

Jack. For shame, Gypsy, on such a dark, cold night as this, no man, with a roof over his head, should deny admittance to others. It is true sir! that the accommodation that we can offer, is but poor, but such as it is, you are welcome to it, very welcome.

Bruce. And what ever it is, I accept it most gratefully, unless, indeed, I shall give too much trouble to—

Jack. My daughter, sir! No, you'll give no trouble to her, I will wait upon you, as I have to wait upon her. Poor men's daughters are fine ladies now days and want waiting upon.

Bruce. Your daughter looks ill, sir!

Jack. Oh! girls were healthier when they worked harder.

Gyp. Never mind me. If this gentleman has ridden hard and means to stay, his horse ought to be taken care of.

Bruce. Wisely spoken, I have ridden far and hard. Perhaps you will make him comfortable as you can, at once.

(JACK lights lantern and gives to GYP)

Jack. Take the horse 'round to the stable, Gypsy, unsaddle him, wipe him down, give him a good feed and lock him in.

Bruce. No! no! I could not think of such a thing, it is snowing fast, the night is bitter cold and very dark. Show me the way, sir! and I will make my horse comfortable for the night.

Gyp. I will do it, sir! I had rather—*(takes lantern and puts shawl on head—aside, up stage—BRUCE warming at stove)* He will do noth

ing yet—nothing until I have gone to rest. The stranger is safe at present.

(*exit, R. E.*)

Jack. Have a drink sir? What is your favorite drink?

Bruce. I have no favorite, sir! Perhaps a little brandy would do me good, half frozen as I am.

(*they drink*)

Enter, GYP, R. E.

Jack. You've made short business of it.

Gyp. It is not often I act as stable boy. (*to BRUCE*) I will get you some supper. (*sets table—as JACK turns to her, she hands BRUCE note, he reads crumbles and puts in pocket*) Ready for supper? This is all we can offer you. (*BRUCE and JACK sit at table, eat*)

Bruce. It is good enough, with some of your father's good brandy to warm me, I ask for nothing better, and I consider myself a lucky man this cold night. I am glad, sir! that your heart is less hard than your daughter's. I shall be more comfortable under your hospitable roof, than to be riding through this storm.

Jack. Gyp, go and get the gent's room ready.

(*they eat and drink*)

Bruce. It's an uneasy sort of a place about here, and if what I have heard is true, it has not the best of names; men have been missing, again and again, who were known to have come in this direction.

Jack. Yes, there is a bog in the middle of the moor; I should say they had sunk in there and been suffocated; that is my opinion.

Bruce. Or, they have been killed by footpads and been sunk afterwards.

Jack. Perhaps, but I have lived here all my life, and I have never heard of footpads in these parts, and what's more, I've never heard of any other that had.

Bruce. And yet it seems strange that so many should sink into the bog.

Jack. Not stranger that six should, or sixty, than one. Some of those who have been missing, must have had fire-arms, just as you may, sir!

Bruce. Oh! yes sir, I have. (*pulls a small revolver from pocket*)

Jack. And had they been intertered with, they would have defended themselves. May I see that, sir?

Bruce. By all means. (*hands to JACK*) An ordinary colt; you see, this (*pulls another from his pocket*) is a different make. I find no difficulty in snuffing a candle with either of them at any reasonable distance. (*JACK returns colt and takes the other*)

Jack. You do go well armed to take care of yourself, don't you? No one could get the better of you, I should think, unless they caught you napping.

Bruce. And I am the lightest sleeper in the world.

Jack. (*aside*) Well, if I hurt him, it will be his own fault.

Enter, GYP, R., 2 E., comes up to bar, BRUCE rises to his feet.

Bruce. I've had a long day and am tired; will you mind if I wish you good night? (*shakes hands with JACK, who shakes heartily*)

Jack. I hope you'll sleep well?

Bruce. Oh! I'm sure I shall. (*to GYP*) Good-night, and thank

you for the trouble you have taken for me.

(takes her hand

Gyp. Good-night.

(exit, BRUCE, R., 2 E.

Jack. It's about time you went to bed.

Gyp. I'm not going yet, I'm cold.

(stirs fire with poker

Jack. What do you want to do that for? We'll be going to bed soon.

Gyp. You won't, our guest has your room and you must lie on the mat here, for the night.

Jack. True, true, but he's going very early in the morning, so you won't get to see him any way, and I'll get to sleep in my bed after all. (clatter of horses hoofs heard) Some one else coming?

Gyp. No! the sound of that horses' feet is dying away.

Jack. But, no one has passed, or we should have heard them. (springing to door of room) Sir! sir! open the door! (breaks it open, comes back and grabs GYP by arm) This is some of your work.

Gyp. Yes, it is, you have done murder enough. If I can prevent it, you shall do no more! (he strikes her, she staggers against bar

Jack. You—you Julas! Take care, lest I murder you.

Gyp. As you murdered my mother?

(he recoils

Jack. My God! so you know that, do you?

Gyp. I know that you murdered her and her two servants. I know who I am, and have proofs of whom I am, safely hidden away, where you will never find them. My own mother gave them to your wife, and she kept them for me, and gave them to me on her dying bed, making me promise that I would not try to prove my rights until you were dead, lest your sins should find you out and justice overtake you. I will keep my word, I will not try to prove my rights until you are dead, but I will have no more murder done. The woman, whom I loved and called mother so long, was weak, I am strong. Swear by her grave that you will kill no more, or, as there is a heaven above me, I will inform against you.

(he comes close to her and draws a pistol from pocket

Jack. Take care how you tempt me. Take care how far you drive a desperate man! None of my blood flows in your veins—why should I mind spilling it?

Gyp. Why indeed! you have spilled plenty before, but you will not spill mine. Put down that pistol, and promise me, swear by your wife's grave; it is the only oath you will hold sacred.

(puts pistol down

Jack. I'll not swear. What is it to you, you are no child of mine. Go to your room, I will do as I will.

Enter, BART JUAN, L. E., unobserved by JACK and GYP, and listens.

Gyp. When you have taken the oath I will, but not until then. Do you know that your wicked sins killed your wife? Would you keep her spirit in hell, as it were, with your murderous deeds now? Is it not enough to have made her life a hell here? Must she look down and see the man who, with all his villainess, she loved, pursuing the same course still?

(catches GYP's hand in his

Jack. Do you think she can see me now?

Gyp. I believe she can.

Jack. And I'm spoiling her heaven?

Gyp. Yes.

Jack. Then I'll swear, Lill, my beauty, my wife. I swear I'll do

no more murder. By your grave, I'll take my oath I won't.

He has dropped on his knees, exit, GYP, L. E.—BART comes near and taps him on the shoulder, as he kneels with his face in his hands.

Bart. Fool! Where is your manhood, that ye allow yerself to be bambozeled and humbled by a chit of a girl? Stand up, be a man. Give us something to drink. (*JACK rises, goes to bar, pours out liquor, they drink*) Well, how do you feel now? I've come for my bride.

Jack. Bart Juan, I have no bride for you. Sooner than see that pure girl your wife, I would drive a dagger to her heart.

Bart. Fool! as you said to that Jade. Beware, how you goad a desperate man. Come—

Jack. Bart Juan, you have my answer. Now go!

(*JACK presents a cocked pistol at BART's heart.*)

Bart. Fool! you have sealed your own doom.

BART throws billy and knocks pistol out of JACK's hand, BART draws knife and advances toward end of bar.

Jack. Ha! ha! Think you I fear you? I will meet you on equal ground, with equal weapons. Come! here is the time and place. (*draws dagger and advances around bar to center of stage*) Now Bart Juan, one of us must die—come!

They approach each other, watching each other closely—BART thrusts knife into JACK, he falls apparently dead.

Enter, GYP, L. E., as JACK falls—screams—falls fainting.

Bart. Ah! now I will see about my pretty bird. Ah! here she is and in a faint. Now Miss Lillian Ar'ey and her fortune shall be mine. A little of Jack's brandy will restore her, egad. (*gets bottle and pours a few drops between her lips, she revives, he helps her to a chair*) Now, how do you feel my beauty? Miss, you are my prisoner, don't attempt any dang foolishness, or you'll get what your father got, egad. I'd like to know what became of my men.

(*goes to door and whistles several times*)

Enter, RED BLACKHART, OLE BLACKHART and DICK BLACKHART, L. E.

Well, you fellows must have been deaf, or you would have heard his pistol shot, egad, but I downed him. Now, I'll jest get rid of the gal, and then for a little drink.

(*ties GYP's hands and carries her into bedroom, L.*)

Re-enter, BART, L. E.

There, I guess she'll stay, she seems kind o' dazed and doesn't speak much, but when I get her to the roost, I'll make her speak. Now for something to drink, and then for the roost, we must reach there before daylight.

(*BART pours liquor, they drink*)

Red B. Not a bad looking lout that. (*points to JACK*)

Ole B. Looks like he was a hard cuss to handle, pals.

Dick B. Yes, but Bart Joan would handle the devil. (*all laugh*)

Bart. You fellows would have thought he was the devil, if you'd have had hold of him. He fought like a lion, but I got the best of him. And now the poor cuss is defunct. I'll go and put that gal to sleep, and we will be on our way. *(exit, into room, L.*

Red B. W'at we goin' ter do wid his carcass, pals?

Ole B. Du de devil, let ber lay an' rot, it nobody finds it.

Dick B. Say, while Cap's in there, let's have some lickin'. *(they drink*

Red B. Say pals, w'at dos' Cap intend ter do wid dat gal?

Dick. I expect he intends ter marry her. She wasn't that feller's daughter, so I understand it.

Ole B. No, she's de darter of a female dat Beckwith put to sleep about fifteen years ago. That fellow was a hard one. He has carried on his wholesale murder for onter twenty-five ye's now.

Enter, BART, L. E.

Bart. Here, you fellows hadn't better drink any more of that stuff until we get to the roost. Ye may have to fight goin' home, and I want you to be on yer guard. That gal means a big fortune to me, and besides that, a mighty nice wife, and if we are interfered with when we're goin' home, I want you fellows to be on yer guard. I had some trouble in gettin' the beauty to sleep. You fellows get the carriage around here and we'll be a goin'.

(exit, DICK and RED, R. E.

Ole B. Is there anything in this ere shanty worth goin' through? Do you think Beck had any stuff?

Bart. Not unless it's in his pocket.

Ole B. Well, if he's got anything in his pockets, I'll find out pretty quick. *(examines JACK's pockets)* I've got a little stuff and a good pop gun. Now let's have one more drink before the boys come. *(they drink*

Enter, DICK, R. E.

Dick B. The rig is ready, so bring on yer gal, Cap., and let's be off. *(exit, OLE B., R. E.*

BART goes into room, returns, carrying GYP, who is unconscious, carries her out R. E.

Re-enter, BART, R. E.

Bart. Rest in peace Jack, o'd boy. You can let yer ghost run de shanty awhile. My fortunes already made; Lillian Arley in my hands, I have the cards that will rake in a mighty big jack pot. I'll just blow this light out, so as not ter hurt yer eye sight. *(blows light out)* So fare-well, and pence to your ashes. Ha! ha! ha!

Exit, BART, R. E.—pause—a rap is heard on the door, which is repeated several times.

Enter, BRUCE, R. E.

Bruce. Landlord! where are you, landlor! This is another nice reception. Something has happened, I will get a light. *(lights candle)* What this! Jack Beckwith dead! What does this mean?

Where can Gypsy be. Perhaps he is not yet quite dead, and will tell me. (*looks at him, gets brandy bottle and gives him some—he groans*) Where is Gypsy? Tell me man, where is she? (*he puts his head down to JACK'S*) Oh! my God, Black Bart, kidnapped! Oh! God, have mercy on that poor girl. He can tell me no more, so I must leave. I will find her though, and Black Bart, beware. I will get the Irish detective to work for me, and this man must be run to earth. Oh! Gypsy! Gypsy! where are you now? What will mother say to this mad love of mine. She must be found, she saved my life, and now I will find her and save her from a fate worse than death.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sitting room at LADY STILLWELL'S—LADY STILLWELL and BRUCE discovered seated C., BRUCE R., LADY STILLWELL L. of table.*

Lady S. Bruce, there has been something on my mind for a long time, and now I must tell you.

Bruce. What is it mother?

Lady S. There's one wish of my life, that you have never fulfilled, but which you can.

Bruce. Mother, why do you keep me in suspense? What is it? This wish of your life; speak, and if it lays within my power, it shall be granted.

Lady S. Thank you Bruce, you make me very happy. My wish is this, that you marry your cousin Gertrude.

Bruce. Mother, I don't love Gerty, and I can not marry her.

Lady S. Why can you not marry her, Bruce? She is good, she would make you a good wife, besides, it is the wish of my life.

Bruce. Mother, I will tell you why, I told you of the girl that saved my life. I love her. I must find her. If we ever meet again, I shall ask her to be my wife, for I love her with a deep love, and have only seen her once.

Lady S. Bruce Stillwell, I am ashamed of you. A murderers daughter! For shame! Where is your Stillwell pride?

Bruce. Mother, I can not help it.

Lady S. Well, well, we will not quarrel, but I wish you to make me a promise, Bruce.

Bruce. What is it mother?

Lady S. This, that you promise me, if you do not meet this young lady in three years, you will then ask Gerty to marry you.

Bruce. I promise.

Lady S. Thank you Bruce, and now I must go and prepare for the company.

Bruce. Yes, if I do not find her in three years, I will ask Gerty to marry me, but I must find her, and look for a good detective to hunt for Black Bart,
(*exit, L. E.*)

SCENE II.—Office of the Detective, who is discovered sitting at the table as curtain rises—bell rings.

Pat. Ah! there me shwate heart. (*ring*) Yis sir! yis sir! coming right away, me hearty coming right away, sur!

Enter, BRUCE STILLWELL, R. E.

Come in me bye. Take a cheer. (*sits*) An' what can Pat O'Flagherty do for ye to-day, Mr. Stillwell. Sure yer not looking well at-all, at-all. Phat, the divils aliu' ye my bye. If there's anything I can do for ye, just sphit er right out.

Bruce. Yes, Pat, I want you to help me.

Pat. Just g' ve us yer case me bye, and if Pat and Fritz don't raise the divil, you can call us N. G.

(*produces note book and jots down BRUCE's story*)

Bruce. Well Pat, I'll commence at the beginning. Night before last I was riding over the Moor and got caught in a snow storm. I stopped at the Wayside Inn an I asked for lodging. There was an old man and a lady there. The young lady warned me to flee for my life, so I escaped out of the bedroom window. Towards morning I went back, for I feared that man would harm the young lady, if he found out that she had warned me. When I got there, the lights were out, and when I lit them, there lay the Landlord dead, or nearly so; by giving him some brandy, I revived him a little. I asked for the young lady and he said, "Black Bart kidnapped!" and he was dead, his name was Jack Beckwith, and his daughter's name Gypsy. I wish you to find the young lady for me, and to bring that man Black Bart to justice. I will give you and your partner, each \$3,000 for the job.

Pat. Howly murder, but that's a regular dime novel affair and that Black Bart is a hard case, he is a cut-throat, counterfeiter, and the divil knows what all. And if he's to be found, ye may be sure that Patrick O'Flagherty and Fritz Dunderhoftin wil find them. We are the bye s that are always on hand, and divil a drop of whiskey will me pinin' constitution get, until Black Bart and his low-lived crew are behind the bar. Yes sur!

Bruce. Well Pat, do your best and go to work at once. Good-by and good luck. (*exit, R. E.*)

Pat. Ah! the time will now come when we can show to the aworld that *we* are the Detectives. I wish that dirty Dutchman would get a move on him and get here. The dirty divil goes to the saioon too much for my company, and bejabers, it's got to be stopped.

Enter, FRITZ, R. E., singing.

Dry up ye noisy galoot, and sit down here—I got a case.

Fritz. So, s—o. Ish dot so?

Pat. You jest bet yer loife it's so, and bad lu'k to the loiks of ye, if ye don't l'ave the mug alone.

Fritz. Say Pat, maby you tol' me dot case, don't it.

Pat. Yes sir! A young bye goes to the Old Wayside Inn, and is warned by a girl to flee.

Fritz. S—o.

Pat. An' he flew.

Fritz. Ish dot so?

Pat. He skips and comes back in the morning and finds the owld man did, bo jabers.

Fritz. Oc—du—leva—Gut—im—himmel.

Pat. That's phat, and the girl was carried off by a fellow called Black Bart.

Fritz. Dunter un blitzten, vos dot son of a cork-schrew de felioiw vot kilt de man?

Pat. That's me logick, Dutchey.

Fritz. Gif us your paw, Pat, ve vos kotch dot fellow, musn't we?

Pat. That's so. (shake hands)

CHANGE TO CAVE SCENE.

SCENE III.—*Robbers den—cave E., R.—cell door L. Empty boxes and kegs littered around, four stools and a table.*

Enter, WASHINGTON, from cell—pile of boxes R., dimly lit by oil lamp.

Wash. (down stage) Oh! Golly, I'se dat tired dat Gabriels trumpet wouldn't 'fect me if 'twas blown right in my ears. Dog-gon-'t, I's gettin' mity tired of dis roost. Dar am too much work for dis chile. An' den I'se gettin' dat shakey dat de leas' noise gi's me de ague. Oh! I ain't a coward, but I'se gettin' scared. Dat Bart am de debil hisself. I'd like to know what he's up to. He calls me a dirty nigger and says, I don't know nuffin', but he'll t'ink he's worf sumfin' if dis chile gits mad. Go'ly, der's someone coming.

(three raps on door, R., WASHINGTON opens)

Enter, MEN, R. E., followed by BART, carrying GYP.

Bart. Wash, did you fix the bed 'n t' e cell for this gal, as I told you?

Wash. Yes, sah! I did, an' I cleaned up de kitchen and washed de clothes an' fed de rats an—an— (all very fast)

Bart. Well never mind, but open that cell door.

(WASHINGTON opens door, L., BART carries GYP in)

Re-enter, BART, L. E.

I must prepare some better accommodation for that gal, so you fellows wait here till I come back. (exit, R. E.)

Ole B. Well, if dis ain't de darndest job I've seen for a long spell. Let's have something to drink and play a little game of cards. Pull up here. *(they pull up, OLE at R., DICK at back and RED, L.)* Come y'n nigger, get us some lick.

Wash. Yes, sah! *(aside)* I'd like to lick yer.

Red B. Come, move on there, we are thirsty.

(exit, WASHINGTON, in cell and gets bottle)

Re-enter, WASHINGTON, L. E., pours liquor in wine glasses.

Fill her up and drink to the health of our Cap's. wife, or her as is to be. (WASHINGTON looks on)

Dick. Cards ain't lively enough for me, let's have something more stirring. Come here you nigger and dance.

Wash. Oh! Lor' Massey! I can't dance, I'se got de lumbago in de stomach, an' I'se nearly dead.

Dick. Come boys, let's make him dance, or he'll get killed.

(all draw near and WASHINGTON kneels

Wash. Oh! Lor', Oh! Lor', don't shoot massy Dick, don't shoot, I'll do anything, but don't shoot.

Dick. Well dance.

They shoot at his feet as he dances—rap heard at door, R.—WASHINGTON goes to door.

Enter, BART, R. E., who has been rapping while WASHINGTON was dancing.

Bart. Damn you fellows, this is pretty conduct for men. I'll learn you fellows to be more quiet, if you don't look out. Stillwell has hired that cursed Irish sluth to hunt for the gal, and if he should come here, our roost would be broken up. You fellows can go to the street and keep a lookout, and you—you black dog, keep your tongue between your teeth and watch sharp for those detectives. Now go!

(the three brothers exit, R. E.

Wash. Yes Massy, I'll look sharp. (exit, WASHINGTON, R. E.

Bart. Now for an interview with that gal. (goes to cell and opens door) Come my pretty bird I have something to tell you.

Enter, GYP, from cell.

Sit down here on this stool and listen, but first give me a kiss.

(he advances

Gyp. Back sir! If you dare touch me I'll call for help.

Bart. Well my fine lady, you may cry for help till you are black in the face, for all the good 'twill do. Do you know where you are? Do you know whose hands you are in?

Gyp. Sir! I do not know where I am, but what ever your purpose is, you will find that I am no weak woman.

Bart. Ha! ha! I'll soon make you change your tune my fine gal, I have brought you here to make you my wife.

Gyp. That I will never be. You may kill me, but I will never marry you.

Bart. Ha! ha! we'll see. This young lady, is an underground retreat, it is called Black Bart's roost. I am Black Bart. (strikes hand on breast) Escape is useless, and you will become my wife or suffer torment worse than death, worse than hell itself.

Gyp. Sir! I have heard of Black Bart and know he is a terrible man, and even if you be he, I do not fear you.

Bart. By heavens! your a brave gal, I'd let you go if I had your fortune.

Gyp. Sir! you may have my fortune if you will but let me go.

Bart. No, your too fine a gal to loose, ye must be my wife.

Gyp. Oh sir! I plead to you, let me go. Not one word of what I have seen and heard, will I ever disclose. Sir! for the love you bore your mother, I beg of you, let me go.

Bart. Hush! Never say mother to me, I never had one. She turned me to the dogs when I was but ten years old, and I live only for revenge. Never speak that word to me again. Gypsy, hear me, if you will become my wife, I will leave off my evil ways and become a man. I will be honest and a peaceful, loyal citizen. Refuse

me, and as sure as you stand there, you will suffer torments worse than death.

Gyp. Sir! I see you have no heart and I defy you, Black Bart, do your worst. *(noise outside)*

Bart. Do the worst I can, hev? Wel', just go to your room and I will see you later. Now go, the boys are coming.

(exit, GYP, R. E.—raps at door, BART opens)

Enter, the three BROTHERS, L. E.—all sit.

Bart. Well, what have you seen.

Dick B. That are dam nigger has squeeled and I expect a posse of police will be down here in a few minutes.

Bart. Damn him, I'll make quick work of him, if I ever set eyes on him. *(noise among boxes at R. of stage, all leap up and pull revolvers)* What's that, keep a sharp look out and shoot the first thing that appears.

Fritz. *(from behind boxes)* Ince, sewi, dri—

PAT, FRITZ, and WASHINGTON fire, the light is put out and a general fight ensues several shots are fired, then all is quiet—GYP, who sees the door open, brings light out and runs off R.—PAT is in the corner L., senseless, FRITZ at R. under a big dry goods box, WASHINGTON at C. of stage with table turned upside down on him—BART and three BROTHERS gone.

Fritz. Dunder veter! vat vas dat, I vos struck by some lightnings and I feel de vate of de stroke yet.

Wash. Say, Duchey, come lift dis dog-gon table off of me.

Fritz. I can't do dot Vashington, I vos under pressin' circumstances myself. Pat, Oh, Pat! shloffs du? Zav, vos dot boy hurt. *(throws off box and tumbles table off WASHINGTON—they discover PAT and carry him to center of stage)* Say Pat, vos you dead? Vy de devil, don't you spoke to me? If you vos dead, say so and don't kep me in oxpence. Vashington get some viskv and we brings him around. *(WASHINGTON gets whiskey from cell, FRITZ gives to PAT—PAT jumps up, and as he does so, knocks FRITZ over)* If dot vos de vay you uses ine old friend, you may go to the devil, you old Irish whiskey keg.

Pat. Whist now, be aisy Fritz, sure and I didn't mean to upset you at all, at all, it was an ac-ident me bye, an' I begs yer humble pardon, Fritz.

Fritz. Yah, dot vos all right mine friend.

Pat. But didn't those devils give it to us though? Sure, I thought some one had exploded a cannon forninst me head. Now boys, devil take the three of us, if we don't catch them dirty dogs, so I propose to take WASHINGTON as a partner in our detective business. What do ye say, Fritz?

Fritz. Dot vos ust vot I want to do. He fight ust like some packs o' Ingeons. So I say, let Vashington shon us and ve vill lif only for revenge. Any remarks?

Wash. Dats ges what I want to do, revenge ourse'fs on dat vil'van Black Bart.

Pat. Well bys, let's be gettin' out of this place, but where is the girl.

Wash. She dun brought de light an' skipped.

Pat. Well, if she is gon', we must find her. But I want ye bye's to swear to an oath.

Fritz. Vot she vos?

Pat. Whist! that ye swear to devote ever whole life to the running down of Black Bart and the Blackheart brothers.

Fritz. } We swear.
Wash. }

Pat. Well we will part now, and ye bye's kape sober, or, by the holy smoke, the company 'll have a strike. *(all draw stage)*

Pat. } Black and white together band,
Fritz. } To wipe those villains from the land.
Wash. }

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Same as scene 1st, in Act 3rd*—*LADY STILLWELL discovered R. of table.*

Lady S. It is three years since Bruce promised me he would marry Gerty, if he did not see that girl. Thank God, he has not seen her and at last my dream will be realized.

Enter, BRUCE, L. E.

Ah! you have come.

Bruce. You sent for me mother, what do you want?

Lady S. Bring your chair here, Bruce, I want to talk with you.
(BRUCE sits in chair L. of table)

Bruce. What now Mother? I am in a hurry.

Lady S. Do you remember our compact three years ago, and what you promised?

Bruce. Three years to-morrow, we must be particular.

Lady S. Three years ago to-morrow then, you promise I me that, if in that time you did not again see the girl, with whose face you fell in love, on some dreadful moor, where you say she saved your life, you would propose to Gerty, supposing her still to be unmarried—as I knew she would be, for I know she loves you with her whole heart.

Bruce. I hope and believe you are mistaken, mother, for I do not think that Gerty loves me.

Lady S. Well, we shall see. You will propose to-morrow?

Bruce. No mother, I can never marry Gerty.

Lady S. You know why I am so anxious. Gerty is rich, and you my son, may at any time, have your inheritance, all but the title, snatched from you, you know. When poor Lady Arley was murdered, the little girl was not killed, but stolen. At any time she may be found and claim her rights; then, my dear boy, what would you do?

Bruce. I shall never marry Gerty, even if she would accept me now, mother. Our compact was not over until to-morrow, and I have seen the woman again, whom I have loved for three years.

Lady S. Seen her! When? Where?

Bruce. At the Opera, mother; Miss Mona Fresider is none other than Gypsy Beckwith, the woman who saved my life three years ago.

Lady S. Miss Fresider? Impossible, she has been playing for three years.

Bruce. For almost as long, perhaps. You remember that night after I had left the moor and the old Wayside Inn, and escaped such a terrible danger—though, to be sure, I have never told you exactly what that danger was—I was afraid the beautiful girl might have suffered, through helping me, and I drove back to see. I found the door of the Inn unlatched and entered. The light was out, so I lit it, and there, on the floor, lay the man who owned the Inn. I saw he was not quite dead, so I gave him some brandy and he revived enough to mutter, when I asked for her, “Black Bart, kidnapped,” then he died. I set some detectives to work and they found them, but she got away, as did Bart and his men. She must have come straight to London, and I suppose, must have managed to get an engagement.

Lady S. And now—

Bruce. And now, I must see her, and if it is possible make her love me, she shall be my wife.

Lady S. Your wife? An actress, the daughter of an Inn keeper, the wife of an earl! For shame, Bruce.

Bruce. I am sorry, mother, if she, whom I would choose, if possible, for my wife, offends you, but I mean what I say. I wrote her a note, (*hand's note*) you can read what she says. She will not see me, but for all that, I must try again.

Lady S. You will force your attentions upon her, Bruce—is that gentlemanly?

(*BRUCE rises*)

Bruce. I hope you can trust me to be nothing less than that. It is a matter of life and death to me, mother. I must know her. I know it must seem absurd to you, that I have fallen in love with a face, and that I have kept faithful to that love through three long years. But I do love her mother, and I shall be a miserable man indeed, if I cannot win her for my wife.

Lady S. But Bruce, you know nothing of her. You talk quite wildly.

Bruce. I am in deadly earnest, mother, and I must go.

Lady S. You must do what you will, of course. You too old for me to dictate to, but I wish you would let this actress go. And my dreams of you and Gerty, they will never be realized.

Bruce. Never, mother, I would have kept our compact, though it would have made my life miserable; but, thank heaven! the three years are not up yet, and I have seen her. Good evening.

(*exit, L. E.*)

Enter, GERTY, R. E.

Gerty. You look weary, aunt, and you are alone. Where is Bruce?

Lady S. Gone—gone on a fool's errand, Gerty. Oh! darling—darling, my more than daughter, this is a bitter night for us.

(*GERTY kneels at LADY STILLWELL's feet*)

Gerty. Hush, aunt, hush! so long as no harm has come to Bruce, now can it be a bitter night?

Lady S. Listen! You know what has always been in my heart, what I have always wished, that you and Bruce might love one another. And you Gerty, you would have loved him?

Gerty. Why should I be ashamed to say it? I *do* love him.

Lady S. As a wife ought?

Gerty. With all my heart.

Lady S. You would have taken him for your husband, had he asked you?

Gerty. I would have asked no greater happiness. But something tells me now, aunt, that it will never be. Well, I can love him still and hope and pray for his happiness.

Lady S. With some other woman?

Gerty. Do we not naturally wish for the happiness of those we love? Had he loved me, I would have tried to make him happy, but since that is not to be, I hope he will be happy, very happy, with the woman he loves. Tell me all about it, aunt.

Lady S. Oh! it's most disgraceful! You remember, three years ago, his life was saved by a girl on the Moor. She was carried off by some one, and he has never seen her since, until last night. But now, just as my dream of life is about to be realized, he finds her.

Gerty. Where has he found her?

Lady S. At the theater. The girl he loves is Mona Fresider.

Gerty. The beautiful Miss Fresider.

Lady S. Yes, she is beautiful, enough, but who is she—what is she? Could not you or I do something to prevent this marriage?

Gerty. Why aunty, you would not try to prevent what is for his happiness?

Lady S. But can it be for his happiness, to marry her? If we can prevent it, he will thank us in after years.

Gerty. No! no, aunt, Bruce is not a silly, hot-headed youth, he will do nothing rash. Let us wait and see what will happen, and be sure, it will be for the best.

Lady S. You talk calmly. You can give up the man you say you love, without an effort.

(exit, R. E., angrily)

Gerty. Yes, because I love him better than I love myself. Oh! Bruce, Bruce my love, my life, lost to me for ever. Oh! that I might die for him.

(sinks into chair)

CHANGE TO STREET SCENE.

SCENE II.—Street.

Enter, BRUCE, L. E.

Bruce. She would not let me accompany her home. But I must find where she lives. She started on foot. She must come this way.

(exit, L. E.)

Enter, GYP, R. F., arm in arm with MISS MOOR—as they reach C. of stage, DICK B. enters L. E., RED B. and OLE B. R. E. DICK takes hold of GYP's arm, and she screams. Enter, BRUCE, R. E. and knocks OLE and RED down—DICK and BRUCE fight—BRUCE knocks DICK down—goes to GYP's side.

Bruce. Miss Fresider, are you hurt?

Gyp. Oh! no, not at all.

Bruce. Well, we must get away from here as quick as possible. Now my men stand off.

(*DICK and BROTHERS rise*)
Dick B. Stand off yerself and mind yer own business. Perhaps you've got a purse too and a watch, and a ring likely as not. If so, hand 'em out.

Bruce. I have all these things, but I happen to have a use for them, so stand off, or it will be the worst for you. (*they all laugh, BRUCE draws revolver*) The first who comes a step nearer, is a dead man. It is no idle threat—I mean it, by heaven! There are six bullets here, and if need be, not one of them shall fail in taking a life.

(*men draw back*)

Dick B. All right Gov'ner, we were only larkin'. Pass on as soon as you like; we'll not try to stop you.

(*BRUCE and girls exit, R. E., still holds revolver*)

Ole B. Say, ain't that Cap's. long lost gal?

As he speaks, enter, *PAT, WASHINGTON and FRITZ, R. E., with leveled revolvers.*

<i>Pat.</i>	}	Surrender! At last we meet. Surrender or die.
<i>Wash.</i>		
<i>Fritz.</i>		
(the three brothers fall into line, up and down L. of stage)		
<i>Dick.</i>	}	Never!
<i>Ole.</i>		
<i>Red.</i>		

They try to draw pistols, *FRITZ* says fire, and they shoot—the three fall L.—*PAT, WASHINGTON and FRITZ* turn down stage.

<i>Pat.</i>	}	At last we've met the cowardly foe, And in the dust we've laid 'em low.
<i>Wash.</i>		
<i>Fritz.</i>		

PAT.

WASHINGTON.

FRITZ.

CURTAIN.

SCENE III.—Same as scene 1st, Act 4th.—*BRUCE* discovered pacing back and forth.

Bruce. To-morrow I am to call up on her, and I then—

Enter, *BART, R. E., unobserved, during BRUCE's speech*

Bart. What!

Bruce. Man, what do you want here? Who are you?

Bart. I am Black Bart, I have come, *Bruce Stillwell*, to demand satisfaction at your hands. If you are not a miserable coward, you will give me what I ask.

Bruce. Black Bart, what can you demand satisfaction from me for?

Bart. You, *Bruce Stillwell*, love the same girl that I do. I am n t the rough, uneducated cut-throat you take me for. No, *Bruce Stillwell*, I love *Gypsy Beckwith*, and you love her too. The world can not hold us both—you know me well—you or I must die—I give

THE OLD WAYSIDE INN.

you a chance for your life. Fight me to my face, or by heaven! I will kill you like a dog.

GERTY appears at L. D.

Bruce. Black Bart, be it as you say, you will find that Stillwell blood is hard to spill. I will meet you when and where you will.

Bart. Ah! fool, we will see who will win Gyp Beckwith now. (goes to door, R., laughing—at door) Meet me at the old grove, 7 a. m., with your man and this will be settled. Farewell. (exit, R. E.)

Bruce. Now to pay the score I owe that villain, I will go and make arrangements. (exit, R. E.)

Enter, GERTY, L. E.

Gerty. Oh! my God, what shall I do? He fight that terrible man at 7 a. m.—(takes watch) it is now 6 o'clock, only one hour. Where is the old grove? Oh! Bruce! Bruce! you shall not die. (exit, R. E.)

CHANGE TO WOOD SCENE.

SCENE IV.—Grove.

Enter, BART and second, R. E.

Bart. Now for victory or death. Ah! they come.

Enter, BRUCE and second, L. E.—each of seconds carry a sword.

Bruce. Well, we are here. We fight with swords, do we not?

Bart. Yes! are you ready? If so, begin at once, I want this job off my hands. Take any position you wish, but fight. Come on.

They take swords from seconds and cross in center—BRUCE's second holds sword between and he counts one, two, three, and steps back. BRUCE, R. C., BART, L. C.—BRUCE's second stands to his L. and BART's the same. They fight and do not see GERTY as she enters, L. E., on BART's R. BRUCE knocks BART's sword from his hand, and with a curse, BART steps back and draws revolver—GERTY screams and throws herself between them and receives shot—she falls. Enter, PAT, FRITZ and WASHINGTON. R. E., with leveled revolvers and shoot BART, who falls. They gather around GERTY and form tableau—BRUCE holds GERTY up.

Gerty. Bruce! Bruce! good-by, good-by, I—die—for—you.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—A neatly furnished room—table C.

Enter, LADY STILLWELL, R. E.

Lady S. (seating herself L. of table) Now to meet that woman.

Enter, Miss MOOR, R. E.

(rising) Miss Fresider, I believe?—

Miss M. You can surely never have seen Miss Fresider, Lady Stillwell, or you would not take me for her. I am her friend and companion. Miss Fresider has scarcely finished dressing, but she will be here in a moment. *(exit, R. E.)*

Lady S. I suppose she is painting her face and dressing herself in silk or something of that sort, but she will find that my eyes are sharper than my son's.

Enter, GYP, R. E.

Gyp. You will excuse my having kept you waiting, but my work keeps me up late nights, so I am obliged to rest late in the morning.

Lady S. I am fortunate in finding you already up. Will you excuse me if I go straight to the object of my visit at once?

Gyp. Certainly.

Lady S. I wish to speak of my son. I understand he has been coming here a great deal, that he believes himself to be foolishly in love with you.

Gyp. He has not told me so. *(they are seated L. and R. of table)*

Lady S. All the more fortunate for you then, Miss Fresider. Believe me it would not be for your happiness, to marry my son. You have made for yourself a name, as a comely actress, but your origin was, through no fault of your own, of course, very humble. Did my son marry you, none of his family would recognize you, and you would be miserable. Added to that, my son, though a wealthy man now, may be a poor man at any moment. You lived, I understand, near the scene of the tragedy. So you have heard of the murder of Lady Arley. Whether her little child was murdered also, or stolen, no one knows. Any day she may be discovered, then my son, though an earl, will be a poor man, and a lady of your talent, would scarcely enjoy poverty.

Gyp. I suppose no one really cares for poverty, but if I loved a poor man, that surely would not prevent me from marrying him.

Lady S. Do you mean that you will not give up my son?

Gyp. He is not mine to give up. He has made no declaration of love to me; but if he loved me, and I him, I should consider it right to marry him, whether his family approved or not.

Lady S. Then yours would be a selfish love, indeed. A man of my son's position, should marry from among the daughters of the highest in the land; an earl who marries beneath him, commits social suicide, and the woman who marries him, ruins his life. Ambition might make you marry my son, but did you love him, you would give him up. I have come here to-day to ask you to give him up. Will you do so?

Gyp. Believe me, you trouble yourself too much; your son has said no word of love to me. But you must forgive me, if I do not agree with you, that a marriage with me would be so very terrible. I assure you that the doors of society are thrown open to me.

Lady S. You will not promise then?

Gyp. No, I cannot promise; and I think, that if ever I am your daughter, you will have reasons to be glad, not sorry. You take it for granted that my birth was lowly; it may be that it was nearly, if not quite as good as your own.

Lady S. I do not understand—

Gyp. Not now, but some day you may; and believe me, Lady Stillwell, sometimes that which looks like our greatest trouble, turns

out to be our dearest blessing.

(LADY STILLWELL rises)

Lady S. I was foolish to come. Good-morning Miss Fresider, I am sorry I troubled you.

(*exit, L. E., angry*)

Gyp. Bruce has never said one word of love to me, yet I know he loves me. His mother, of course, does not know of our relationship. If she knew that, would she not be glad to receive me as her daughter then? If he asks me to be his wife, I will consent. And then I will tell him who I am, and he shall take the news to his mother and the weight off her heart at the same time. (BRUCE raps at door, L.) Oh! here he comes now.

(*goes to door*)

Enter, BRUCE, L. E.

Bruce. (*takes her hand*) All alone? I am glad of that, for I wished to see you alone, Miss Fresider, or Beekwith, I don't know which to call you.

Gyp. I hate the name Beekwith.

Bruce. Then Miss Fresider. My mother has just left you?

Gyp. Yes.

(*draws her hand from his*)

Bruce. Will you tell me why she came?

Gyp. It was a mistake her coming, she had heard exaggerated reports of our friendship.

(*she sits R. of table*)

Bruce. Of our friendship? Miss Fresider, you must know that it is something more than friendship that I feel for you; you must know that it is love, deep intense love.

Gyp. (*shyly*) That is what your mother feared.

Bruce. Oh! that is nonsense, I can guess what my mother has said to you. She means well, but she might have done us both harm. I love you with my whole heart, my life must be but a barren desert of unhappiness, if you do not love me. (*knels*) I loved you upon that night, when you saved my life; through three long years, during which time I never saw your face, knew not whether you were living or dead. I love you still, I shall love you until I die. Miss Fresider, Mona, have you no love to give me in return?

Gyp. Think, before you ask me for my (*takes her hand*) love, who and what I am. Though that terrible sin stained man, who would have taken your life, had I not warned you, was not indeed my father, but he had stood in that relationship to me all my life; his wife, whose memory is sacred to me, was the only mother I ever knew. I lived all my childhood, all my girlhood in that terrible, ghastly place, where murder after murder was committed. Could I blame anyone if they thought I was tainted with the sins and crimes committed there? From there, as you know, I was carried away by that terrible man, but thank God, I escaped. Without friends, almost without money, I entered a profession, which is held in detestation by many. Your mother would shrink from recognizing me as a daughter, your friends would not receive me. Think well—would my love compensate you for the loss of a mother's love and the affection of friends?

Bruce. I shall lose neither my mother's love, nor the affection of my friends, but even were it so, I would rather have your love. Mona, would you tell me whether or not, I have any hope?

Gyp. Not yet.

(*strokes his hair*)

Bruce. Mona, I know in asking you to give your love to me, that I ask a great deal. I ask you to give up the proud name you have won in your profession, but dear, you shall never regret it. I will

love you so! I will make your life so happy! Will you tell me now darling, whether there is hope for me. (*she bends forward*)

Gyp. There is every hope.

Bruce. Every hope! Do you mean, Mona, do you mean that you do love me? (*both rise*)

Gyp. Yes, I do love you, but wait; think one moment more before you make up your mind, that it is best for you to love me.

Bruce. I will not wait, I know that it is best. (*puts arm about her waist*) And you darling, don't you know that it is best? What a lucky fellow I am, to win your love?

Gyp. I quite agree with you. You are a lucky fellow, and now *Bruce*, I want to tell you a secret.

Bruce. A secret? Is it that you love me with all your heart, dearest?

Gyp. That can scarcely be my secret. No, *Bruce*, my secret is, I am a princess in disguise.

Bruce. More than that, a queen among women without any disguise.

Gyp. No! no! I am not joking. *Bruce*, you know where I was brought up; you know that your aunt was murdered on that moor, that her little child was missing. Dearest, I was that little child, I am your cousin.

Bruce. You! you are surely joking.

Gyp. No! here are the papers that will prove (*gives papers*) my rights. Now, that I am to be your wife, I shall never claim them. Your mother must know who I am. Let the rest of the world believe that you have married simply *Mona Fresider*, the actress.

Bruce. (*reads papers, then looks up*) I am no match for you now. Why did you not tell me this before?

Gyp. Because I wanted to make sure that I was loved as few women have ever been loved. And if you had no title at all, I should be thankful for your love alone. I never will claim my right, unless you wish the world to know, you are marrying some one of your own rank in life, but I would be very much disappointed if you did.

Bruce. You shall never be disappointed in me, *Mona*, if I can help it. But dear, most all I have is yours.

Gyp. And when I am your wife, all you have will be mine, so I will be better off still.

CHANGE TO HOUSE SCENE.

SCENE II.—Detective headquarters—table C., *PAT* in chair R. of table—two arm chairs L. of table—books, pens and paper on table.

Pat. Well, we the great detectives have conquered one of the most dirty spallpeens in the county, and three of his bloody followers. But it is hard to think that—that poor girl should have to die. I expect *Bruce* here to-day to pay us off, and then for a bum. (*rap heard, R.*) Come in! come in!

Enter, BRUCE, R. E.

Bruce. Well *Pat*, (*shake hands*) I have come to settle up with

you and your partners. You put those men out of the way and you deserve your pay. She is to be my wife now, and I can afford to give you each \$5,000. Where are the boys?

Pat. Oh! they are gone for a drink, I suppose. Whist now, they'r coming—just hear that now. Och, sure an they are a happy lot.

Enter, FRITZ and WASHINGTON, arm in arm, singing Razzle, Dazzle.

Bruce. Howde do boys, been having some sport? Well, I don't blame you. (shake hands)

Fritz. Say, Mester Bruce, how vos dot gal vot ve found?

Bruce. She is well and will be my wife.

Fritz. Pully for you Mester Preece. She vos i'ne pretty nice gal, py shimeny Christmas.

Pat. Never mind yer palaver, Fritz, let's recite our piece.

They swing into line before BRUCE and speak—they jestulate and each speak in a different brogue.

<i>Pat.</i>	}	We've done our duty, Bruce Stillwell,
<i>Fritz.</i>		And sent those villains all to—
<i>Wash.</i>		We know you'll to your word be true,
		And tha' \$10,000 now is due.

Bruce. Indeed boys it is, and you shall each have \$5,000. *(seats and writes checks)* Here is a check on my bank for each of you. (hands check to each—they bow)

	}	Now, Mr. Stillwell, we're through, you see;
<i>Pat.</i>		Mav you marry an' happy be,
<i>Wash.</i>		With a peaceful home, a loving wife,
<i>Fritz.</i>		A dozen kids to cheer your life;
		And with trust and friendship true,
	}	We bid you now a fond adieu. (they bow)

Bruce. Thank you boys. Good-by. (exit, R. E.)

Pat. Ain't he the broth of a bre?

Fritz. Yah! he vos a rose pul. Don't it Wash? *(noise outside)*

Wash. By golly, he am dot. Say boss, dere's some one co'ning. I ain't got no head for business dis mornin', so I'll retire. Comin' Fritz?

Fritz. Yah!

(exit, WASHINGTON and FRITZ, L. E.—knock at door, R.)

Pat. Come in! come in! Who the devil can want us now?

Enter, LADY STILLWELL, R. E.

Take a chair, madam. What can I do for you?

Lady S. Are you the detective?

Pat. Yes, mam, at your service.

Lady S. Well, I have a very hard case, it is no new one. You have heard of the murder of Lady Arley, have you not?

Pat. Yes, mam.

Lady S. I think that her child lives, and I want you and your partners to work on this case. I want you to find her and restore to her, her rights. Will you take the case,

Pat. Yes, madam, we never let a case go by. And you may be sure, that if she can be found, we will find her.

Lady S. Do it sir! and I will reward you well. (*aside*) Gerty is dead. Oh! poor—poor girl, dead, and on his account. But I shall have revenge, even though he be my son. The heiress shall be found and restored to her property, and you my obstinate son shall go penniless.

Enter, WASHINGTON and FRITZ, L. E.

Pat. Lady Stillwell, my partners. (*bows*) By's, this lady wishes to find Miss Lillian Arley, daughter of the woman that was murdered at the Old Wayside Inn, eighteen years ago. We'll take the job.

Wash. } Now dear Lady, if you'll give us some dust,
Fritz. } We'll find the young lady, dear Madam, or bust.

CHANGE TO SCENE I, ACT III.

SCENE III.—*Same as scene 1st, in Act 3d.*—LADY STILLWELL *pacing floor.*

Lady S. Will they never come. Oh! will she ever forgive me for talking so to her. I might have known she was not a low born girl by her looks. Ah! here they are.

Enter, BRUCE and GYP, L. E.—LADY STILLWELL and GYP *embrace,*

Can you forgive me dear? It was love and anxiety for my son, that made me so cruel to you.

Gyp. Then I will forgive you. And now Lady Stillwell, you are willing to receive me as your daughter?

Lady S. More than willing—glad!

(*kisses her*—BRUCE, R., LADY STILLWELL and GYP, C.

Gyp. Ours is a real romance. I did not dream that I would ever see you again, and discover in you a near relative. Although I always remembered you.

Bruce. But I believed that I should meet you sooner or later. I could not get you out of my mind, after I had looked upon your face.

Gyp. And you will always love me, Bruce?

Bruce. Could you doubt me, dearest?

Gyp. No, for do I not know how faithful you have been to that girl of the Old Wayside Inn. Why, Bruce, she did not imagine that she had made so great an impression upon the handsome stranger, whose life she endeavored to save.

Bruce. But she is glad that she did make an impression, is she not?

Gyp. Yes, very glad dear Bruce.

THE OLD WAYSIDE INN.

Enter, PAT, WASHINGTON and FRITZ, arm in arm.

Pat. } We've come to tell you Madam, dear,
 Wash. } The long lost heir ss stands right here.
 Fritz. }

(point to GYP)

Lady S. We are well aware of the fact, but you shall be rewarded for your bravery in your work for my son. *(gives money)*

Pat. So you got onto the heiress before we came, did you?

Lady S. Yes, but you did a great deal for my son.

Gyp. Allow me to thank you for what you have done for me.

(gives each a check)

Pat. Thank ye mum, and may the saints ever bless ye and this good bye, who is to be yer partner through life. He is a brave bye, mum, and it is the wish of Patrick O'Flagher y, that ye may live long and happy. An' Bruce, me lad never regret yer adventure at the Old Wayside Inn, for it has at last brought you happiness. May the Holy Saints bless ye forever, for giving Pat and Fritz a case.

Wash. }
 Fritz. } Amen!

Bruce. Thank you Pat, and may you and your good company ever flourish, and may you ever be as successful as in the case of the "Old Wayside Inn."

CURTAIN.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
A Leedle Experience, <i>Dutch Lecture</i> ,.....	3
As I said before, <i>Negro Stump Speech</i> ,.....	4
Come Back Steven, <i>Banjo Solo</i> ,.....	5
Encore Verse, <i>Banjo Solo</i> ,.....	6
Machine Poetry, <i>Banjo Solo</i> ,.....	6
Break de Bone, <i>Banjo Solo</i> ,.....	7
Cuff's Luck, <i>Ethiopian Farce</i> ,.....	10
Oh Susan, <i>Banjo Solo</i> ,.....	15
Dot Peautiful Awkward Squad, <i>Dutch Song</i> ,.....	17
Dhe Vicked Voman, <i>Dutch Lec'ture</i> ,.....	19
Old Pompey, <i>A Sketch</i> ,.....	20
Pete's Face, <i>End Man's Gag</i> ,.....	24
Happy Frank's Medley, No. 1,.....	25
Johannes don't you do it, <i>Dutch Song</i> ,.....	26
My Darling Clementine, <i>Banjo Solo</i> ,.....	28
Wanted a Husband, <i>A Farce in one Act</i> ,.....	30

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SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Drawing-room of Oscar Royalton, Silver City, Nevada.

Aunt Rachel—Oscars Aunt, from down East—Hezekiah Hopeful, a tramp—"No mustach near me"—Gyp—a-b-c—Thornton the Villain—A sacred trust—Royalton depart for the East—Clara and Thornton—He demands the papers—"I'll guard them with my life"—Supposed murder of Clara and Hezekiah—"Heavens! I'm a murderer—I'll burn the house and conceal my crime—Exciting fire scene.

ACT II.—Hop Sing's Laundry.

Takemquick—A live Insurance man—Rachel and Gyp—Hop Sing and Rachel—The fight—Takemquick on hand—Sister Carmeta reveals a secret to Gyp and Rachel—Thornton's demand of Hop Sing, his accomplice—The refusal—An attempt to murder Hop Sing—The Dead Witness appears.

ACT III.—Thornton's Law Office.

Hezekiah the tramp, secures a position in Thornton's office—Takemquick—Hezekiah reveals to Gyp who her enemy is—"Trust me I'll get your fortune for you"—Hezekiah's novel—Sister Carmeta—"I'm here to avenge the death of Clara Royalton"—The shot—I am the Dead Witness—"A colt revolver"—Oscar disguised—A game of cards—"Discovered"—Oath of vengeance—Hezekiah holds both bows.

ACT IV.—Same Scene as Act III.

Love scene between Hezekiah and Rachel—Proposal—Two notes—Thornton shot by Hop Sing—Oscar in disguise—Clara is the Dead Witness, who escaped death in the burning house—Oscar throws off disguise and introduces Gyp as his wife—Death of Thornton—Devils toast—Hezekiah presents papers to prove Gyp's inheritance and is ready for matrimony—Aunt Rachel finally surrenders and all are happy.

Time of playing 1 hour and 40 minutes. Price 25 Cents.

Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.	M. F.	NO.	M. F.
Comedies Continued.			
176	6 3	181	0 1
207	8 3	274	5 2
199	4 3	209	5 3
174	3 3	13	3 3
158	1 1	307	4 3
149	7 6	Man.....	4 3
37	6 5	66	3 1
237	6 3	271	5 0
126	8 6	116	4 2
265	5 3	120	1 1
114	8 4	50	1 3
264	1 3	140	1 1
219	4 1	74	4 2
250	3 2	35	5 2
221	14 2	247	1 2
262	7 3	96	5 3
87	3 2	365	3 2
131	4 2	49	3 2
240	2 0	11	5 3
TRAGEDIES.			
16	6 3	323	4 3
FARCES & COMEDIETTAS.			
129	1 1	99	4 3
132	1 1	82	1 1
316	3 3	182	1 3
289	0 0	127	2 2
42	2 2	228	3 0
305	2 3	392	3 2
166	4 6	Room.....	3 0
70	7 5	106	5 3
169	2 4	88	1 1
286	4 2	139	2 2
80	4 1	251	4 3
340	3 3	235	6 1
78	3 3	69	4 3
313	2 2	23	4 4
31	4 2	208	4 3
23	3 1	212	4 3
127	3 1	82	4 4
70	3 2	186	0 1
175	2 2	273	3 3
8	5 2	96	5 2
86	4 2	259	5 2
22	3 3	44	1 2
84	3 0	33	3 2
287	1 1	57	5 2
225	4 1	217	4 1
317	5 5	165	6 3
249	9 1	195	2 3
49	1 1	159	4 4
72	5 1	171	4 3
19	4 3	180	0 0
42	1 1	267	2 0
188	3 0	309	5 4
220	3 0	48	1 1
118	3 1	138	0 5
218	4 0	115	3 3
221	2 1	35	3 2
233	2 1	232	4 2
151	4 2	241	2 2
		270	5 0
		1	5 2
		137	1 1
		252	3 3
		715	3 2
		40	2 2
		Family Discipline.....	0 1
		Family Jars.....	5 2
		Goose with the Golden Eggs.....	5 3
		Give Me My Wife.....	3 3
		Hallahahoola, the Medicine	4 3
		Man.....	4 3
		Hans, the Dutch J. P.	3 1
		Hans Brummel's Cafe.....	5 0
		Hash.....	4 2
		H. M. S. Plum.....	1 1
		How She has Own Way.....	1 3
		How He Popped the Quest'n.....	1 1
		How to Tame M-in-Law.....	4 2
		How Stout Your Getting.....	5 2
		Incompatibility of Temper.....	1 2
		In the Wrong Clothes.....	5 3
		Jacob Shlaff's Mistake.....	3 2
		Jimmie Jones.....	3 2
		John Smith.....	5 3
		Johnes Blatz's Mistake.....	4 3
		Jumbo Jumbo.....	4 3
		Killing Time.....	1 1
		Kittie's Wedding Cake.....	1 3
		Lick Skiller Wedding.....	2 2
		Lauderbach's Little Surprise	3 0
		Locked in a Dress-maker's	3 2
		Room.....	3 0
		Lodgings for Two.....	5 3
		Love in all Careers.....	1 1
		Matrimonial Bliss.....	2 2
		Match for a other Min-Law.....	4 3
		More Blunders than one.....	6 1
		Mother's Fool.....	4 3
		My Heart's in Highlands.....	4 4
		My Precious Betsey.....	4 3
		My Turn Next.....	4 4
		My Wife's Relations.....	0 1
		My Day and Now-a-Days.....	3 3
		My Neighbor's Wife.....	5 2
		Nanka's Leap Year Venture.....	5 2
		Nobody's Moke.....	1 2
		Obedience.....	3 2
		On the Sly.....	5 2
		Paddy Miles' Boy.....	4 1
		Patent Washing Machine.....	6 3
		Perseented Dutchman.....	2 3
		Poor Pilicody.....	4 4
		Quiet Family.....	4 3
		Rough Diamond.....	0 0
		Ripples.....	2 0
		Room H.....	5 4
		Santa Claus' Daughter.....	1 1
		Schaps.....	0 5
		Sewing Circle of Period.....	3 3
		S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3 2
		Somebody's Nobody.....	4 2
		Stage Struck Yankee.....	2 2
		Struck by Lightning.....	5 0
		Slick and Skinner.....	5 2
		Slasher and Crasher.....	1 1
		Taking the Census.....	3 3
		That Awful Carpet Bag.....	3 2
		That Rasal Pat.....	2 2
		That Mysterious B'dle.....	



Ames' Plays---Continued.

NO.		M.	F.	NO.		M.	F.
38	The Bewitched Closet.....	3	2	256	Midnight Colic.....	2	1
101	The Coming Man.....	3	1	128	Musical Darkey.....	2	0
167	Turn Him Out.....	3	2	90	No Cure No Pay.....	3	1
291	The Actor's Scheme.....	4	4	61	Not as Deaf as He Seems.....	3	0
308	The Irish Squire of Squash Ridge.....	4	2	244	Old Clothes.....	3	0
285	The Mashers Mashed.....	5	2	234	Old Dad's Cabin.....	2	1
68	The Sham Professor.....	4	0	150	Old Pompey.....	1	1
295	The Spellin' Skewl.....	7	6	246	Orhella.....	4	1
54	The Two T. J's.....	4	2	109	Other People's Children.....	3	2
28	Thirty-three Next Birthday.....	1	2	297	Pomp Green's Snakes.....	2	0
292	Tim Flannigan.....	5	0	134	Pompy's Pranks.....	2	0
142	Tit for Tat.....	2	1	258	Prof. Bones' Latest Invention.....	5	0
276	The Printer and His Devils.....	3	1	177	Quarrelsome Servants.....	3	0
263	Trials of a Country Editor.....	6	2	96	Rooms to Let.....	2	1
7	The Wonderful Telephone.....	3	1	107	School.....	5	0
281	Two Aunt Emily.....	0	8	133	Seeing Boston.....	3	0
312	Uncle Ethan.....	1	3	179	Sham Doctor.....	3	3
269	Unjust Justice.....	6	2	34	16,000 Years Ago.....	3	0
170	U. S. Mail.....	2	2	243	Sports on a Lark.....	3	0
213	Vermont Wool Dealer.....	2	3	25	Sport with a Sportsman.....	2	0
151	Wanted a Husband.....	2	1	92	Stage Struck Darkey.....	2	1
56	Wooin' Under Difficultie.....	5	3	258	Strawberry Shortcake.....	2	0
70	Which will he Marry.....	2	8	10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down.....	2	0
135	Widower's Trials.....	4	5	64	That Boy Sam.....	3	1
147	Waking Him Up.....	1	2	253	The Best Cure.....	4	1
155	Why they Joined the Re- becas.....	0	4	282	The Intelligence Office.....	3	0
111	Yankee Duelist.....	3	1	122	The Select School.....	5	0
157	Yan-kee Peddler.....	7	3	118	The Poneorn Man.....	3	1
ETHIOPIAN FARCES.				6	The Stu Rio.....	3	0
204	Academy of Stars.....	6	0	108	Those Awful Boys.....	5	0
325	A Coincidence.....	2	0	245	Ticket Taker.....	3	0
65	An Unwelcome Return.....	3	1	4	Twain's Dodging.....	3	1
15	An Unhappy Pair.....	1	1	197	Tricks.....	5	2
172	Black Shoemaker.....	4	2	198	Uncle Jeff.....	5	2
98	Black Statue.....	4	2	216	Vice Versa.....	3	1
222	Colored Senators.....	3	0	206	Villkens and Dinah.....	4	1
214	Chops.....	3	0	210	Virginia Mummy.....	6	1
145	Cuff's Luck.....	2	1	203	Who Stole the Chickens.....	1	1
190	Crimps Trip.....	5	0	215	William Tell.....	4	0
27	Fetter Lane to Gravesend.....	2	0	156	Wig-Maker and His Servants.....	3	0
230	Hamlet the Dainty.....	6	1	GUIDE BOOKS.			
153	Haunted House.....	2	0	17	Hints on Elocution.....		
103	How Sister Paxey got her Child Baptized.....	2	1	130	Hints to Amateurs.....		
24	Handy Andy.....	2	0	CANTATA.			
236	Hypochondriac The.....	2	0	215	On to Victory.....	4	6
319	In For It.....	3	1	TABLEAUX.			
47	In the Wrong Box.....	3	0	250	Festival of Days.....		
77	Joe's Visit.....	2	1	PANTOMIME.			
88	Mischievous Nigger.....	4	2	260	Cousin John's Album.....		

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